

W I N T E R,

1501/91.

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T O

A F R I E N D at OXFORD.

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T R A N S L A T I O N

F R O M

The *L A T I N* of Mr. THOMPSON.

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By J. T. late of CAMBRIDGE.

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L O N D O N:

Printed for T. WALLER, at the Crown and Mitre, in Fleet-street.

M DCC XLVII.

W I N T E R



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A R I H I N D - O X F O R D .

И О И Т А Л И А Т

МОДУ

The DAY of MARCH 1741

By T. T. the of CAMBRIDGE

London:

Printed for T. T. WATKINS, in the Crown and Mitre in Fleet-street.

— 1741 —

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W I N T E R,  
A N

O D E.  
 A L A S! no longer now appear  
 The softer seasons of the year.  
 Of sports and loves what muse now sings?  
 Away, my lyre;—boy, break the strings.

Old joyless Winter, who disdains  
 Your sprightly, flow'ry, Attic strains,  
 Wrapt into sable walls for aids  
 Rough, gloomy, as the rug he wears.

Pleasure, for ever on the wing,  
Wild, wanton, restless, fluttering thing,  
Airy springs by with sudden speed,  
Swifter than MARO's flying steed.

M. A.

Ah! where is hid the sylvan scene,  
The leafy shade, the vernal green?  
In FLORA's meads the sweets that grew,  
Colours which NATURE's pencil drew?  
Chaplets, the bust of POPE might wear,  
Worthy to bloom around IANTHE's hair?

Gay-mantled Spring away is flown,  
The silver-tressed Summer's gone,  
And golden Autumn; nought remains  
But Winter with his iron chains.



## The

The feather-footed Hours that fly  
 Say, “ Human Life thus passes by.”  
 What shall the wise, the prudent? they  
 Will seize the bounty of to-day,  
 And prostrate to the Gods their grateful homage pay. }

The man, whom ISIS’ stream inspires,  
 Whom PALLAS owns, and PHOEBUS fires,  
 Whom SUADA, smiling goddess, deigns  
 To guide in sweet Hyblæan plains,  
 He Winter’s storms, undaunted still, sustains. }

Black lowring skies ne’er hurt the breast  
 By white-rob’d Innocence possest.  
 Roar as ye list, ye winds,—begin,—  
 Virtue proclaims fair Peace within :  
 Ethereal Power! ’tis you that bring  
 The balmy Zephyrs, and restore the Spring.

Should

Should dangers e'er my Friend affail,  
 Virtue flings round her coat of mail;  
 Kindly protects thee from all harms,  
 Drest in her native spotless charms.  
 Thy mind at ease no tumult knows,  
 With all his rage tho' black NOVEMBER blows.

Dark stormy months I too defy,  
 NOVEMBER blows, and what care I:  
 Tun'd to new joys my hours I pass,  
 Sing with the muse, trip with the lass,  
 And ne'er forget my bliss-inspiring glass.

With HORACE now dispos'd to laugh,  
 Worthy the lips of JOVE I quaff  
 Rich VENUSINE: now lose my soul  
 In OVID's sweet nectareal bowl.

If

If you, **CALLIOPE**, should deign  
 Aloud to sound a martial strain,  
 Your vot'ry straight in rapture hears  
 The noble music of the spheres:  
 Mounted on wings, see! see! I fly  
 With **MANTUA**'s swan, and range the boundless sky.

With eager joy I oft repair  
 To the gay crowded Theatre,  
 Where shines the man who treads our stage,  
**GARRICK**! the **Roscius** of the age!  
 His voice, mien, manner, look, a life imparts;  
 'Tis He who captivates our eyes,—our hearts.

**VANBRUGH**,—your leave,—what's lewdly writ  
 I hate,—I hate th' Immoral Wit.  
 Immortal **SHAKESPEAR** I admire,  
 And kindle at his sacred fire:

O!

O! what a glory breathes his page,  
 He lives! — he lives thro' ev'ry age  
 Father of Tragedy, he reigns  
 Sole monarch o'er Theatric plains.

Hence with the sock :—the Queen commands :—  
 Grac'd with the golden buskin stands :  
 The stage in majesty improves,  
 Trembling beneath her, awful as she moves.

What thunder bursts!—it made me start ;—  
 Thunder beyond the reach of art!  
 The claps!—I heard 'em,—how they roll!  
 The lovely terror shakes my soul :  
 Who talks of fiends!—of gaping graves!—  
 OTHELLO!—tis OTHELLO raves!

What tenderness!—what fierce disdain  
 Whirls, boils, and foams thro ev'ry vein!

He swears!—invokes hell, earth, air, skies!

See where the glorious madman flies! } *h of toswa*

He groans,—he trembles,—falls,—the Hero dies! } *glost ord bloods ord twobs grilblit*

SHAKESPEAR, excessive joys like these *isidgys*  
(I almost said) are cruelties: *geugnisi fiol ati skeg*  
Whirlwinds of pleasure tear the panting breast, *id*  
And the mind akes, too exquisitely blest.

Chang'd is the scene:—methinks I rove  
In some enchanted cypress grove, *sq soy YAWTO*  
Soft OTWAY calls!—who can refuse  
The plaintive voice of OTWAY's muse? *clum my*  
We'll go, my fair IANTHE, we will go, *soft hnA*  
Tho' your fond love inspiring eyes o'erflow }  
Like bubbling springs, more beautiful in woe. } *word blencl ord gman yclol onT*

Sweet is the sympathy of woe.  
 Have I not seen (nay felt it too)  
 Trickling adown the cheek the tear,  
 Daughter of silent grief appear,  
 Speak its soft language, and express  
 Charming MONIMIA's deep distress!

What murmurs of the anxious Fair!  
 What sighs around perfume the air!  
 OTWAY, you paint what nature is,  
 Beyond the BARD of SALAMIS;  
 Your muse can with our passions play,  
 And steal us from ourselves away.

Let others prize what *Men* bestow,  
 The lofty name, the laurel'd brow:

More

More charming, sure, thy triumphs are  
(Who would not wish to win the Fair!)  
To raise at pleasure hopes, or fears,  
To soften *Virgins* into tears.  
Poet, I envy thee, who thus  
Canst conquer them, who conquer us.

F I N I S.

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Wants continuing line, my numbers are  
(Who would not wish to win the Fair!)  
To take in business or fees  
To offer Wigwam into fees  
Book, I could speak, who can  
Offer conductress, who can

